SONG FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

We tread a better earth to-day
Than that the fathers knew;
A broader sky line rounds away
To realms of deeper blue.
More ample is the human right,
More true the human ken;
The law of God has been a light
To lead the lives of men.

He led our generations on
In mist of smoldering fire;
To more than all the centuries gone
The marching years aspire,
Across the onward sweep of time
We strain our vision dim,
And all the ages roll and climb
To lose themselves in Him.

We gaze upon the aeons past—
A blind and tumbling surge,
And slowly, from the weltering vast
Behold a law emerge.
The water seemed to heave and sway
In chaos undenied,
Yet not a foam flake drove astray,
For He was wind and tide.

O purpose of the stumbling years,
O wistful need and hope,
Whereby in all the woven spheres
The atoms yearn and grope;
Flow through the wandering will of man
A tide of slow degree,
And merge our strivings in the plan
That draws the world to Thee.

Frederick Langbridge, in Chicago Standard.

The Horse That Ran Away

OLD Antelope Ranch of Northeastern Nebraska went out of existence with a great many other things during the season of the "big drought." Every cattle country has had a historic drought. Local events are marked from that period, and as is said in the South, when one is reminiscent, "before the war," so they say in Nebraska, "before the dry spell." But when the Antelope was in its prime there was kept in one of the corrals a black horse that was never used for any but special service. If a child was sick at the ranchhouse and needed a physician, out came the black, and furiously he covered the distance as no other horse on the range could. When the Sioux rose in the west of the State it was the black that carried the warning through Keyapaha and along the Niobrara, where the sparsely settled villages were. He even in a day at that time journeyed 120 miles and flung his proud head high in the air whinnying as if he could joyously cover that distance over again without rest. Of course, he was a range horse; no thoroughbred's blood in him, offspring from no mother coddled under the trainer's watchful eye, but child of the range mare and stallion, facing blasts of ice and sand, fighting for food while the blizzard raged above, swimmer of swollen streams, companion of the coyote, the rabbit and the antelope, nature-born and nature-bred.

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The black lived long and well at the Antelope Ranch after he was tamed somewhat, but one day he broke the bounds of his corral by some chance, and, standing where the dip of the plain land came up to the bars of his late prison, he gave a triumphant scream and plunged into the wilderness before him. The ranchmen heard his cry, they came running, come just in time to see him arch himself on a distant elevation and scream again. He was free. Once long before this time he had been free. That was when he grazed with his mother, far out on the Elkhorn, when no strap or halter lay upon them, and only the

wild beasts were their companions. He had dreamed much of those days since his capture. Not that he had ever failed in a duty put upon him by his man captors, but the dreams of what had been, what he still longed for, would cling to him, and carry him away with such wild surges of blood that he would bound against the corral's side and make deep moans as if in pain. No horse was ever made upon whom harness lay naturally; the heritage of the horse was the free plain, from which he could only be summoned by the call of his companion, man. If he responded it was because he too loved and was not a captive. All this the black knew, and he curveted in the afternoon sunshine, threw his dainty legs far apart, blew the warm air from his nostrils, and galloped away—north, north, to where the Keyapaha flows through Indian land. Mares with silky manes and tremulous nostrils were waiting for him there. Mares with eyes that would soften as they heard the beat of his oncoming hoofs. He had heard them call to him in the night when he beat himself against the corral's timbers.

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He roused the rattlesnake from its dusty bed; he left the blowsnake puffing and blowing far behind. The jack rabbit coursed with him, and distant antelope raised their heads, gazed and were not afraid. That which is free fears not freedom in others. The sun went down, the night came and the black slaked his thirst in a stream almost on the border line of Nebraska and South Dakota. Then he swung on again, stronger, freer. From distant Buffalo Gap the breath of the mountains came to him; the grasses and wild flowers spurned beneath his flying feet sent after him a sweet perfume. Wolves howled about him, but held off. No terrors had they for him. He was coming to the White River country and the waiting mares of his breed. Not so many had been the years of his captivity that he did not know just where they would be lingering in the shadows of the valley. Few there were left uncaptured by the white man, but these few, dauntless, unconquered, still roamed where, as a child, he had been part of their child days. Every glittering star told him when it was midnight, and he poised himself on the great roll of land above the valley where the mares waited. He listened, but the grasses gave no warning of pursuit. He had outstripped all men. He listened for a sound from the valley, but there was none. Then he called, the wild challenge of the full-blooded range horse to the female of his breed. The cry went up and down on the night air. It rang back from other rolls of land, and it burst through the shadows of the valley and roused the mares. One—two—three—they all called back. Below him was the sound of rising animals, the patting of hoofs on range grass. He had found his own.

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He could not see them, so far below were they, but they, looking up, could see him silhouetted against the sky. His mane was blowing free; he was a something carved out of the night; he was flesh and fire and blood, and he was free. Again he called, and again he was answered, and this was repeated several times. No need for him to wait longer. He leaped from his eminence, and he dashed down the rough way to where he knew he would be awaited. Heedless of rock and shale, heedless of gashed waterways now dry, he leaped on, spurning all earth beneath his feet, coming with the wind of the plain. A rock turned beneath him; he was quick and did not fall; shale slid with him, he bounded ahead. Then for one instant there opened before him a horrible gulch, unsoundable, unknown. It had not been there when last he was in this valley. The mares were beyond calling to him. Surrender? He drew off and went at it, rising in the air for frightful span to cover, screaming again his wild song of freedom as he leaped.

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The pursuing ranchmen found him in the gulch's bed the next day, back broken, blood at his lips, dead. He was free.—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Gutta Percha From Peat.

A German scientist has recently devised a method of manufacturing artificial gutta-percha from peat, and, if it turns out to be what is claimed, it will simplify one of the greatest problems in electricity—the insulation of ocean cables. Thus far gutta-percha is the only substance which has been found to furnish perfect protection for a wire against the chemical influences of salt water, and the product is not only limited, but is controlled by an English firm of cable manufacturers, who own the forests in the East Indies from which gutta-percha is obtained. Experiments to find a substitute have been going on for years throughout the world, but thus far nothing has been entirely successful. The price of gutta-percha has been advanced considerably by the demands of the manufacturers of golf balls, which has almost doubled the cost of cable manufacture, and if this German inventor is able to make an equally as good insulator out of peat he will make a very important contribution to the world's economy, for peat can be found in almost every country on the globe in quantities almost unlimited. There are 3,000,000 acres in Ireland, 2,500,000 in Scotland, and even more in Germany, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Finland and other countries of Europe.

Women Have the Best of It.

Out in Salt Lake City they have a system of street railway transfers which is hard to beat. The passenger who receives a transfer from a Salt Lake conductor is compelled to use it himself or throw it away.

Each ticket has printed on it, besides the usual hours and the names of intersecting lines, a row of seven small heads. Five of them are male heads, two are female. Of the male heads the first is a beardless face, the second bears a mustache, the third "mutton chop" whiskers, the fourth a chin beard, and the fifth is fully bearded. Beneath the row are two plus signs, with a forty between them. The conductor is required to identify each passenger by punching one of the faces and one of the signs for age, the first plus being used for young men, the forty for men of middle age and the final plus for elderly men.

On the heads representing women one wears a hat and represents young women in general, and the other a bonnet, for matrons. With really rare delicacy, the question of age is not mentioned in regard to female passengers.—Washington Post.

Growing Interest in Better Highways.

THERE has been a larger expenditure of public money for the improvement of public highways in the past season than in any previous five years of our history. The aggregate of money appropriated for the betterment of highways will mount into the millions of dollars.

Public sentiment in favor of better highways has developed so rapidly that it has been difficult to keep track of the various international, National and State conventions that have been called to promote the cause. This interest has been manifested not only by farmers, good roads enthusiasts and public officials, but also by several of the great trunk line railways.

If every State in the Union had an advocate of good roads with half the spirit and energy of State Senator Earle, of Detroit, Mich., the work of the next decade would bring marvellous changes in the public highways of the United States. If the same methods that he has brought into use in his own State should be employed elsewhere it would be difficult to find in the more thickly populated districts, at least, an impassable piece of road at the end of ten years.

Senator Earle is by no means a novice in this field, for he has spent several years of active service as one of the expert instructors in good road building sent out under the auspices of the Department of Public Road Inquiries of Washington. He might be called the apostle of good roads.

A year ago he was elected a member of the State Senate of Michigan from Detroit. At that time there was no organization in the State which had for its object the improvement of the highways.

Immediately upon the assembling of the State Legislature last winter he began to agitate the good roads question. It was through his efforts that the Michigan Highway Association was organized and began its work. He was placed at the head of the Committee of Public Highways and became the leader in this field.

He now has a project for the organization, equipment and administration of a State Engineers' Department requiring the appointment of a competent engineer who shall have charge of the State work for the improvement of highways. He expects to procure an appropriation which will keep such a department busy during the next twelve months.

In the meantime he has not been idle. Through his efforts fully a score of counties and cities have made appropriations for work within their borders aggregating nearly a half million dollars, which will be expended within the next twelve months.

He expects to start out next spring as soon as the season will permit with a good roads train drawn by a traction engine, which will make a tour of the central part of the State, traveling about 500 miles. Before the start, central points will be selected where the train will stop and build a sample mile of good road.

This train will consists of a traction engine especially made for the work and fitted with automatic attachments so that it can be used as a road roller. There will be an excavator, stone spreader, stone crusher and several ordinary small cars used for the purpose of carrying fuel and also for drawing stone to the point where the sample road is to be built.

The part of the State through which the train will pass happens to have an abundant supply of what are called out West round heads, which have been used for stone fences in some localities along the road. From this source will be obtained an adequate supply of crushed stone, which will form the wearing part of the road constructed and the Senator will see that macadam road is built.—New York Sun.

Value of Good Roads.

It has been urged by some that farmers living near the city are benefited by bad roads in the more distant districts because they can manage to get to town and realize a higher price for their products, while those living further away are unable to reach the market. With a similar fallacy it has been stated that the country merchants are benefited by bad roads because the neighboring farmers are compelled to sell to them and take their goods in exchange.

The increased value that good roads bring to a farmer's estate will more than recompense him for what he considers a loss in the price of his produce, and in addition he reaps the advantage of purchasing his necessities at a lower price. It is the complete and free interchange of commodities within our own borders which brings the greatest good to the greatest number.—G. D. V. Rollo, at Cheboygan (Mich.) Institute.

Ungallant.

A Marysville schoolma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar. "Now, Johnny," said she, "in what tense do I speak when I say, 'I am beautiful?'" The little fellow answered as quick as a wink, "The past."—Kansas City Journal.

Strong lights, with basins of petroleum below them, are now used in France to destroy night-flying insects that injure vineyards. As many as 1868 insects have been caught in a basin in one night.